

THE AGE. WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 1844. Keep it before the People!

From the Richmond Whig—the leading Whig paper in Virginia.

"The fact that Mr. Clay is not a Free Trade man, as he is of a more moderate and reasonable tariff than Mr. Van Buren, is a fact which is generally known to the people of the South. The fact that Mr. Clay is not a Free Trade man, as he is of a more moderate and reasonable tariff than Mr. Van Buren, is a fact which is generally known to the people of the South.

THE SUNDAY OF WHAT I CONSIDER TO BE THE TRUE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES, IN REGARD TO A TARIFF, MAY BE BEST STATED, IN CONFORMITY WITH THE PRINCIPLE ANNOUNCED IN THE COMPROMISE ACT, I THINK THAT WHATEVER REVENUE IS NECESSARY TO AN ECONOMICAL AND SOUND ADMINISTRATION OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, SHOULD BE DERIVED FROM DUTIES IMPOSED ON FOREIGN IMPORTS, AND NOT FROM A TARIFF ON DOMESTIC GOODS.

"I have always been opposed to what I regarded a High Tariff."—Henry Clay.

"I did not vote for the Tariff of 1816, 1824, and 1828."—Henry Clay.

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For the Age. As we are again approaching the confines of another Presidential election, we perceive that we contend, not only with the Whig party, as it regards numbers, but also, with their stratagems and frauds.

Every means, no matter how base, is resorted to, in order to retain their shameful and inglorious achievement of 1840.

Their moneyed aristocrats, speculators and politicians are traversing the country creating excitements equalled only, in point of baseness, meanness and lowness by those which characterized their party during the last Presidential campaign.

While the democrats, the principal part of whom are agriculturists, the very bone and sinew of our commonwealth, are engaged in their proper vocations, these (whig) renegades are going about "like a roaring lion seeking whom they may devour," taking votes on board of steamboats, railroad cars and even in some of our literary institutions, in order to publish their treacherous whig majorities (?)

Now, what does all this amount to? Suppose they have a majority on board of every steamboat, railroad car &c., in the country, what does it show in regard to the result of the next election? It shows that a majority of the travelling community only are whigs. It does not carry the shadow of a probability that this is a true representation of the political strength of our country. Suppose they were to take the same vote among our merchants or manufacturers, and it should result in a whig majority, would this be any just criterion by which to judge of the state of politics? We should expect, a priori, to find a whig majority among these classes.

We may find in one particular class a majority of whigs while another class has a majority of democrats. Hence, nothing but a vote of the nation can decide this question.

At a vote taken through the instigation of some of the whigs of the Vermont Medical College, one of their number, a daring and precocious youth, wishing to immortalize his name, and send it down to future generations through the archives of literature, published in the Vermont Mercury what he gussed to be the result.

He represented the vote as standing thus: whigs 66, dem. 24; whig majority 42; which is not the fact. Upon the appearance of this article in the Mercury, an investigation of the matter was instituted which resulted as follows: 74 were present, whigs 43, dem. 25, abol. 5, not residents of the United States, 1. Whig majority over all, 12.

It is evident that we cannot claim a democratic majority, but what we wish is, to expose the fraud, and show the community that these astounding whig majorities "are not what they are cracked up to be."

WOODSTOCK, MAY 17TH.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS HAVE LABORED—AND BROUGHT FORTH A MOUSE.

MR. EDITOR:—I take the earliest opportunity after being apprized of the facts to acquaint you and the readers of the Age with the dishonorable and rascally course of some of the coon leaders who attended the convention held at Baltimore on the 1st and 2nd of the present month, towards their splendid band from this place.

It is well known to many that a great effort was made in this state and particularly in this county to out-do any thing that ever has been done since the ever memorable Hartford convention; not even excepting the Log Cabin pan oration of 1840. The first indications of preparation publicly shown, was the drumming up for recruits to attend the organization of a Clay Club, the call for which, was headed among others by that would-be great, or strong, yet weak and small potato man, I mean him of "Martin Van Buren God damn him," memory.

An unprecedented effort was made to induce the young men of Rutland county to attend this anticipated mass meeting, and in order to give it effect, a long list of names from all over the county were inserted in the call for this Clay Club, not one of which ever subscribed their own names, but which was done by a few wire pullers in this place; and in their eagerness to have some one in every town, had to resort to Mr. Gams the Postmaster of Pittsfield who is known to be anti-cooney.

The long wished for day and hour, at length arrived. A clear and cloudless sky augured a large assemblage. The wire pullers

Gazed and gazed but looked in vain, For bands of music and their train Of coons and cooney.

Yes! in this instance, the mountain has been in labor but has brought forth a mouse. The Club opened and forthwith a mighty club was thrown at Messrs Butler, Wright and others, of the vile loco-focos, by the committee on resolutions.

Then the war began, pell mell; half a dozen young coons claimed the floor at a time. Order was called, but in order to effect it music was called, and the splendid band of this place, worthy of a better cause, broke out in a charming air, which it was presumed would have a soothing effect upon the irritated coons. But chagrin and disappointment stared them all in the face on beholding a half baked, yet live

coon from Pittsford who had at some former day, been all the way to Texas and wished here to tell of it, come out in a speech on annexation, which for eloquence would have done honor to Marshall. But enough! I cannot dwell on the proceedings of this small but factious gathering of the flag ends of all factions; suffice it to say, that it was a complete failure, being only attended by the coon portion of the Rutland county bar, and a few of their clients and witnesses, who were in town at the time attending the county court. Immediately at the close of the foregoing fracas, a rally was made to raise funds to defray the expenses of our fine band, which was solicited to accompany the coon delegation of Ratification from this state to Baltimore. Here, Mr. Editor, permit me to give you the following version from one of the Band:

"Funds to the amount of thirty odd dollars were raised and put into the hands of Mr. Hubbard, Marshall of the band, and a very fine young man. We proceeded to New York, and put up at the Astor House where a further subscription was raised from the delegates from Vermont, and some four hundred dollars put into the hands of ex-postmaster Clark of Brandon to pay the expenses of our band. We started for Baltimore in good spirits, but when on the way found ourselves among strangers, not having any of the Vermont delegation with us, and when we got to Philadelphia, although a whig, I must confess that I for my part felt like a cat in a strange garret. Here we halted, and for what? Because we had no funds to take us any further; and a loco-foco line thro' to Baltimore, notwithstanding our situation was explained to the proprietor, refused to carry us through, unless we would severally sign a paper, the purpose of which was, that the whigs had left us in this predicament, and acknowledging that he as a democrat had helped us out of it. We consulted among ourselves, a majority of us being whigs, and came to the conclusion that no alternative was left but to submit to this degrading condition, proposed by the loco-foco proprietor. At this moment a young gentleman from Connecticut (a whig delegate) being informed of our pitiable condition handed us fifty dollars to take us to Baltimore, at the same time telling us, that if our own delegation refused to assist us home, to accompany him and the Connecticut delegation home by way of expenses.

We arrived at Baltimore, and although the lath string was out we had a hard time of it. When about being ready to leave this city of the South for our own green hills of Vermont, no power, no Vermont delegation was to be found! Again trouble was in our camp, and when about despatching one of our number to Washington city to make known our situation to Messrs Foote, Collamer, Phelps and the other Vermont delegation in Congress: we were fortunately assisted by Mr. Spears a wealthy merchant of Baltimore to fifty dollars.

When we got to New York, some of the Vermont delegation from this quarter says, "Well, you have come on boys," but instead of putting up at the Astor House, as previously agreed upon, they started for the Franklin House, for proof of which, see in the New York Express the arrivals at the several hotels.

While in New York we met Mr. Purser Clark and when requested by the leader of our band to pay our expenses home, he turned on his heel and made no reply.

Thank God, we have got home again; and when hired to accompany another delegation of this sort, we shall look out as to who is our purser."

JUSTICE.

Rutland, May 15, 1844.

The following are the words used by Henry Clay, to provoke a quarrel with Mr. King, for which quarrel, Mr. C. is now under bonds to keep the peace:

"For the senator from Alabama (Mr. King) to undertake to put me upon an equality with Mr. Blair, constrains me to say that it was false, untrue and cowardly. . . . It was under this impression that I addressed to the chair some remarks which I intended a deliberate insult to that senator. . . . I was ready at all times promptly to repair an injury, as I hope I ever shall be to repel an indignity."

THE STUMPING CANDIDATE.

The Charlestown Mercury, the organ of Mr. Calhoun in South Carolina, speaking of Mr. Clay's appearance there, says: "We felt sensibly the degradation to our republican institutions on Friday last, when we saw a veteran as Mr. Clay is, in the service of his country, hawked about as some great beast of wonder, to catch a few votes for that station which should be the reward alone of the lofty patriot and pure statesman."

"Though 'not travelling for political effect, or with any selfish views,' his whole speech was made up of political matters, in which laudatory commendations of himself, and sneering allusions towards his political opponents, were freely indulged."

The New Mirror is informed that No. 17, 18 and 19 of the Library have not looked in upon us yet. All the previous numbers have been noticed as they appeared, according to agreement.

For the Woodstock Age. SAM ASH-HOLE'S MUSIC-AIRS,—No. 2.

Wall, uncle Pete, as the coons hab got used up in Old Wirginny, 'posse you sing. Berry well, Sam, you go ahead. Gib us dat good ole tune "Clare da Kitchen."

In ole Wirginny tadder afternoon, We sweep da State wid a bran new broom, And now I guess we form a ring, And dis is da song dat we will sing, Clare da kitchen old coons, young coons, Clare da kitchen old coons, young coons, Old Wirginny neber tire.

Ole coon he set on hickory limb, He wink at me and I grin at him, I pick up a stone and hit him on da shin, And dat was da way I suck him in, So, clare da.

Da coon go where Massa Wise use to be, To which he tail at Tom Baylie, But I see da bird a few days arter, In company wid ole Bill Carter, makin' tracks out ob dat vicinity as if da berry ole debil kick him in end. Heah! heah! He say da air berry hot and stifflous 'bout dem diggins and shockin' 'bad for he bowel; and so he mizzle, some, while da Lokies sing! gora-mighty, how dey sing!

Clare da kitchen, &c.

He travel all about da State, He get up early—set up late, And to massa da folks he got up dare A caravan wid a dancin' Bear! but 't want no use, you see; cause, though da people ob dat old under ob states, carry Van, some, yet dey couldn't go da Bear, no how you could fix 'em. But dere is one ting dey do go, pretty mazin' smart, and dat is

Clare da kitchen &c.

Wal! on da 'hull' as Massa Judge Royce say, dat's a great community—dat ole Wirginny! a berry great community! Dey raise da mos' President—da likeliest gals—the mos' celebrated 'Publicans, and da mos' 'stinguished niggers ob any— 'I say Sam, war you produce in dat State!' 'Ob course I war, Peter, 'posse dis nigger 'tend to be born in any oder State! Not by a—

Wal, wall, go on wid your song, Sam, and don't be upstapulous.

When Massa Rives come out for Clay, Da ole coon say dat da day, And he gusses da Lokies in da Spring Won't hab a berry good voice to sing, Clare &c.

But— 'I elat! dis gemmen pretty much run out. I say you nigger, dere, wid da tannumine! 'posse you finish dis verse—I see berry much out ob brief. Sartin, Sam, I is others ready and here's a nigger as has da genus for da 'casion! But—Massa Ritchie's small a rat! He say da ole coon can't come dat, So he mend he pen wid a Congress knife And 'gin to write for berry life, So clare—

—hush, dare! wid your ole custumnet! when dis nigger's genus up, 'posse he stop for da chorus! Let dis intellish hab chance for to bulge! And he wake de State wid a thunderin' shout, And form dem what da coons were about, So dey rally up wid a mighty stir

And— "And what? chaw! chaw! Sam, guess your genus is in da end dis time." 'Sah! dis boot carry Cessaw! Wall, I guess it carry you so far to sen, sah, dat you'll neber see land agin', any how! And— what! heah! heah! Dere's Massa Rives a chainin' fur! —now, dem! for da chorus! So, clare da kitchen, &c.

Wal, nigger you is out ob dat scrape pretty well. Dis nigger will sing one more varse and den da exhibition is close.

Now, I guess dat da coon wid his fur all gone, Will let Massa Ritchie's State alone, For I guess he find though he hab some pluck, Da Wirginny eggs berry hard to sack, So clare &c.

HENRY CLAY'S TWO HEATS.

Mr. Clay has been twice before the people for their votes, and has been twice beaten by large majorities.

His first heat was in 1824, and resulted as follows:

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| Jackson, | 99 votes. |
| Adams, | 84 |
| Crawford, | 41 |
| Clay, | 224 |
| Clay, | 37 |

Maj. against Clay, 187 votes.

He tried it again in 1839 with the following success.

| | |
|----------|------------|
| Jackson, | 219 votes. |
| Floyd, | 11 |
| Wirt, | 7 |
| Clay, | 236 |
| Clay, | 49 |

Maj. against Clay 188 votes.

Being one more against him than in 1824. If Mr. Clay loses a vote in eight years, how long will it be before he is elected?

COON RHYMES, &c.

After much travail the whig poetasters have at length discovered a word that rhymes with the name of their candidate for Vice-President. The honor of the discovery belongs to Col. Kilbourne of Worthington. It goes thus:

"Hurr, hurr, the coons are rising, For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen,"

The rhyme and sense might both be much improved thus:

Hurr, hurr, for the Coon and Bison, Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen. Of course we shall expect the thanks of the Coon Club for the suggestion.

A wag at our elbow thinks both the sense and the poetry could be bettered, thus:

Hurr, hurr for the nation's pizen, Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

N. B. We give it up!—Ohio Statesman.

CONGRESS. Washington, Friday, May 10th. The Senate was in session for some hours, with closed doors, and were probably engaged upon the proposition of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, that the Texas Annexation Treaty be discussed with open doors.

Defeat of the Tariff bill. The new Tariff bill is dead. The House took up the bill this morning, and Mr. Barnard spoke one hour in opposition to the proposed bill, confining his views chiefly to its financial character.

Mr. McKay spoke an hour in support of the bill, and in reply to Mr. Barnard, defending the bill from various objections urged against it.

A call of the House, was ordered, and 293 members answered to their names. Mr. Elmer of N. J., moved that the bill be laid on the table.

A member asked if this was to be a test vote. The reply was that it would be a test vote.

The question being taken, the motion to lay on the table was agreed to—Yeas 105, Nays 99.

Mr. Irvin, of Pa., moved to reconsider the vote, for the purpose of placing it beyond the reach of question.

Motions to postpone and to adjourn were made and lost.

The motion to reconsider was rejected. Yeas 88, nays 103. So the bill was defeated.

Monday, May 13. Adjournment.

As soon as the House met, to-day, Mr. Cave Johnson moved that the Joint resolution of the Senate for the adjournment of Congress "on the 27th of May" be taken up.

A call of the House was ordered before the question was put.

Some uneasiness at the result was manifested; and it was evident that the House was undecided as to the course to be pursued. The subject was finally taken up, and a motion to lay it on the table was lost—Yeas 22, Nays 175.

Mr. Houston, of Alabama, moved that the 27th of May be stricken out, and the 17th of June substituted.

This was agreed to—Yeas 114, Nays 88.

Thus, the House proposes to terminate the session on the 17th of June.

The resolution, as amended, was sent to the Senate for concurrence, and was not acted upon.

Tuesday, May 14th. The Texas Treaty.

This Treaty has been reported upon in the Senate, and adversely. That report is under consideration. There is not the least doubt that it is to be very fully considered, in secret, if not in public session.

I learn that Mr. Adams is of opinion that the Senate may continue its session after the House has adjourned. It is a novel idea, but I understand that several senators are of the same opinion. I heard one very intelligent member of the body express that opinion this evening. But it does not matter whether or not the Senate, on its own motion, shall continue their session, either separately, or with the House.

The Texas Treaty has gained friends in the Senate, of late. That is evident. There may not be a majority, far less two-thirds, in favor of the Treaty under existing circumstances, but there is now a majority in favor of a full discussion of the question. The Senate will give it a fair consideration.

The Adjournment.

Mr. Evans called up this subject in the Senate to-day. He said that he regretted that the House had not concurred in the proposition of the Senate to adjourn on the 27th of May. He had learned that the House was governed, not by the condition of their own business, but by the business of the Senate. He would prefer that the Senate adhere to the time fixed by them; but for the sake of accommodation, he would propose to strike out the 17th of June and insert the 3d of June.

Mr. Walker said, if this proposition were to be gravely pressed, he would promise to debate it fully. He considered it a question of vital importance. He would move that the resolution lie on the table. This was agreed to—Yeas 24, Nays 16.

The Senate, on motion of Mr. Barrow, went into Executive Session, and remained with closed doors more than three hours, when they adjourned.

In the House, to-day, the business of the District of Columbia was again taken up.

Several bills of no public interest were discussed.

RANDOLPH AND CLAY.—When Henry Clay was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and John Randolph a member of that body, the latter indulged himself in drawing a fancy portrait in something like the following words:

"We will suppose, Mr. Speaker, a young man born in Virginia, destitute of principle, who has spent his patrimony in dissipation and gambling, removes to Kentucky, and by some lucky chance is elected to the State Legislature. We will go further, sir, and suppose him elected a member of this House, and still further sir, and suppose him raised to the elevated station of presiding officer of this very House; and suppose he now sits in the chair"—pointing his long sarcastic finger at Mr. Clay, who immediately called Mr. Randolph to order.

Mr. R. appealed to the House, which supported the call to order by the Speaker.

Mr. R. then rose, and in a manner peculiar to himself observed: "I drew a picture of imagination—you applied it to yourself—and the House has confirmed its application."

ALL ONE WAY.—The town of Jackson, in New Hampshire, gave, at the late election for Governor, 93 votes for Steele, the regular democratic candidate and none for any other person.

THE EXACT HOUR.—A Millerite the other day cyphered up the last hour, and made it on the 26th April, at 11 o'clock and 10 minutes A. M. A survivor of the hard cider promises said he was glad it would come before dinner time for he had not the "berf."

Col. R. M. Johnson, has written a letter in favor of the annexation of Texas.

"THE OLD COON TREED." Mr. Clay has written a letter to the Editors of the National Intelligencer in which he virtually admits that since his nomination for the office of President he has ceased to electioneer. After alluding to his nomination, he says:

"The election of a Chief Magistrate of a free, great, and enlightened nation is one of the gravest and most momentous functions which the people can exercise. It is emphatically, and ought to be exclusively, their own business. Upon the wisdom of their choice depends the preservation and soundness of free institutions, and the welfare and prosperity of themselves. In making it, they should be free, impartial and wholly unbiased by the conduct of a candidate himself. Not only in my opinion, it is his duty to abstain from all solicitation, direct or indirect, of their suffrages, he should avoid being voluntarily placed in situations to seek, or in which he might be supposed to seek, to influence their judgment."

What contemptible special pleading! Did he not know, did not all his friends know, months ago, that he was to be the candidate of the Federal whig party? In the above paragraph is his own most inexcusable conduct portrayed, as with a pencil of light; and yet he pretends to be innocent of the charge of electioneering, and says he will not, as a candidate, seek to "bias" the choice of the people!

The whole matter may be summed up in a few words: Mr. Clay says to the people, "I have been electioneering for some time for the highest office in the world, and I know I have been doing wrong; but I will make this bargain with you fellow-citizens—if you will elect me I will not, as a candidate, electioneer any more."—Will the people put their hands and seals to that contract? Great as Mr. Clay confessedly is in the business of "bargaining and selling," we believe they will not.

A Compliment to the Democracy.—The editor of the Petersburg, Va. Intelligencer, a federal paper, pays the following compliment to the democratic party:

"Politically speaking, we don't believe there is a loco foco in the land who would give up his principles, even if by so doing he could sow rusty nails and reap doubloons."

At the whig meeting in New York on Monday—according to the Commercial, that dear lover of Jefferson—"a very large stage or platform was decorated with flags and banners, and the whole length of the back of the stage was a flag inscribed in brilliant colors, CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSON, CHAINED IN ONE OF THE TREES NEAR BY was a full grown COON!! on the platform a fine sheep with an enormous fleece, and at the upper end of the stage was perched the blue cock of Delaware!!!"

Poor sunken degraded federalism!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER AND ITS AUTHOR—PROSCRIPTION, &c.

Among the shows of the Baltimore Coon Convention, was a wooden image, as we learn by the coon papers, of Henry Clay, in a speaking attitude, holding the Constitution, which he has so often violated, in his hand, and over which was a flag with the inscription:—

"The star spangled banner, Oh! long may it wave, Over the land of the brave, and the home of the brave."

If the blush of shame did not mottle the cheek of the worshippers of Mr. Clay, upon seeing the patriotic lines which were used as a motto, it was because they had long since passed the point where they could be ashamed of any thing.

Francis Keys, the author of that most beautiful of all our national melodies, the Star Spangled Banner, during the last war went with a flag of truce on board the British fleet, for the purpose of obtaining the release of a friend who had been taken a prisoner of war. This was the night preceding the attack on Baltimore. Upon his arrival on board the British flag ship, he discovered from the preparations then going on, that a night attack was to be made. As a measure of precaution, he was detained on board the fleet until the next day. During the night the attack was made, and it was only by the flashes of battle that he could see the American flag waving over the ramparts of Fort M'Henry, or rather, to use his own beautiful and thrilling language.

"The rocket's red glare—the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!"

The feelings of Mr. Keys through that terrible night, are embodied in that national song, which has given to the American flag, the name of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Mr. Keys was an eminent Lawyer of Washington city, and was appointed, if we mistake not, by Gen. Jackson, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. Every feeling of his patriotic heart bent in unison with those of the Democracy, and when Federalism got possession of the Capital, one of its first acts was to banish Francis Keys from office, for the crime of being a democrat, and in his proscription, it is in proof that Henry Clay was the master spirit! Shortly after his removal, Mr. Keys died, and those who proscribed and persecuted him in his life, now seek, for the purpose of appearing patriotic, to use for their own sinister designs, and to desecrate that glorious motto, by placing it over one who was the villain and traducer of its author. As long as the

Star Spangled Banner, in triumph decked wave, Over the land of the brave, and the home of the brave," the incidents connected with the removal of Francis Keys from office, by Clay and Webster, will be remembered and condemned by the American people.—Ohio Statesman.

DON'T LET THE PEOPLE FORGET.—That Henry Clay, who is the coon and the lion candidate for President, is the same HENRY CLAY whose "Bloody Hard" penned the challenge, which brought to the grave the murdered CILLEY!

Col. R. M. Johnson, has written a letter in favor of the annexation of Texas.